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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Translations from Uhland.

DEATH SONG.

"What wakens me from slumber,
What music sounds so sweet?
Oh mother, see who cometh
My midnight hours to greet."

"Naught do I hear, my darling,
And nothing do I see,
And no one cometh, singing
A little song to thee."

"It is no earthly music,
That makes my heart so light;
The angels sing,—they call me.
Oh mother dear, good-night."

A SONG OF ABSENCE.

Farewell, my love, farewell to thee,
For we must part to-day;
A kiss, a kiss, oh give to me,
For we must part for aye.

A flower, a flower, O give to me
Plucked from the golden bough;
No fruit, no fruit, I take from thee,
I dare not ask it now.

THE VALE OF REST.

When, in evening's latest beam,
Golden mountain clouds arise,
And, Alp-like, seem to touch the skies,
With tears I often cry:
"Doth my wished-for valley lie
There in that golden gleam?"

MORNING SONG.

Scarce my eye the sun's light tells,
Nor have yet the morning bells
In the dark valley rung.

And the quiet woods, how still!
Only in dreams the young birds trill,
No song has yet been sung.

In the fields I've wandered long,
I have bethought me of this song,
Which to the winds I've flung.

The Development of the Concert System, Concert Rooms and "Salons." Aristocracy, Plutocracy, Lovers of Art, and Mecæ-nates.*

(Concluded from page 290).

In France the virtuoso merely occupies the position held by every other individual who contributes agreeably to our amusement, and it is a characteristic fact that none of our great virtuosos have settled in Paris. The truth is, their pretensions are not satisfied there, and authors, painters, and scholars are, even in the most fashionable society, valued more highly than the most celebrated virtuoso. In England, the musician has no social position at all. He is either very celebrated, and his services are secured and paid by the getters-up of concerts, or he is a teacher in high families, and thus placed in a position to give a concert in some lady's drawing-room, the names of all the other fashionable ladies who patronize, or, to adopt the English expression, honor

* From a letter "On Modern Society and Music," by H. Ehrlich. (Translated for the London Musical World.)

him with their immediate patronage, figuring in the programme. The English respect, properly speaking, only a celebrated composer, whom they regard as a high-class producer, but they have little or no consideration for the virtuoso. Germany is the country in which the musician, especially if celebrated as an *executant*, is well received in all strata of society, being nearly the only person in whose case the differences of social rank almost disappear. Social organization in Germany, as far as the artist is concerned, may be summed up as follows: the monarch rules; the aristocracy represent; the plutocracy make a great display; and the middle classes uphold the State. The monarch bestows on art favor and honor; the aristocracy patronize it; the plutocracy pay it; but it is among the middle classes that it lives. An artist may endeavor to obtain the favor of the monarch; he may assert his independence towards the aristocracy; mix with the plutocracy and make them pay him; but he belongs to the middle classes. This is an approximative idealistic position, but it is one successfully held by great German masters, such as Mendelssohn, Schumann (with his noble-minded wife), Joachim, Brahms, and many German musicians of less repute. Modern virtuosity, however, as established upon French traditions, and as represented by the followers of Liszt, since his time, takes the opposite path. Most modern virtuosos either cringe to the aristocracy, or behave like young noblemen, heirs to vast estates, and able to boast of sixteen quarterings. They associate with the plutocracy as though they were receiving dividends at the bank every day; but the man of the middle classes, the snob with his narrow notions, they despise. We frequently hear from their lips exceedingly democratic sentiments, at the very time they are almost expiring for very humility at the court of some reigning prince. We are able to recollect a very great and celebrated musician's conducting the very bad opera of a royal composer, and receiving for so doing a high order; we involuntarily thought, at the time, of the answer made to Boileau, who in his day was decried as a courtier, to the King, Louis XIV., when the latter read him some verses he had addressed to a lady: "Sire," observed the poet, "you can do anything. You wanted to write bad verses, and you have been completely successful." We might adduce many proofs that most of the great virtuosos of our time preserve their independence less strictly than the great musicians in times of perfect absolutism. When any slight is shown to themselves personally, they are certainly very brave, but they do not defend art.

Let us now consider the position of a musician in relation to the German aristocracy. Apart from the advantages of birth, and the best education, on which points sufficient has been said, for and against, the aristocracy appear to the artist as that stratum of society most likely to entertain idealistic views. However perverted these may be, they are more consonant with his own feelings than that eudæmonism founded upon pecuniary gain, which calculates the value of everything by what it will fetch. The musician's ambition, too, may be inflamed by the thought that he, as one of the nobility of the mind, may be more highly appreciated than others by the aristocracy of birth. But in these views, though based upon correct assumptions, and in this indulgence of ambition, lies the greatest danger. The artist, and more especially the musician, is far too prone to forget that he is a man of labor, and moreover of the most exclusive labor; far too prone to forget, in the moment of success, that music is simply a means of electric connection between him and persons of a superior rank.

Just as electricity produces that inexplicable phenomenon by which heterogeneous bodies are momentarily united, though separated immediately the phenomenon ceases, the wonderful fluid of music forms an immensely attractive power between the executive musician and many persons at a distance from him. He must not, therefore, be astonished if these persons, whom he has found entranced and amiable after one of his performances, observe, at another moment, when they do not meet him as a musician, only the most superficial forms of politeness. There is at work in the aristocracy that element peculiar to it, which Grillparzer once defined as the "half poetry so dangerous to the whole," and the effect of which is at one and the same time, magical, seductive, and—wearing. Many and many a man of eminent talents has, from his easily explicable love for aristocratic society, been placed in a state of antagonism to his artistic convictions, and not to be reconciled with them, those convictions which point to abnegation and contemplation. We must not, however, confound the aristocracy with the fashionable world as it is termed. The former is an order, a firmly connected whole; the latter is an amalgam, a sort of essence of the aristocracy, of diplomacy, of plutocracy, and of other ingredients, which possesses no principle of its own, and the great object of which is to get something out of every four-and-twenty hours; to amuse itself, no matter in what manner—to-day at a concert; to-morrow at a rout; the day after at an oratorio; and the day after that at a performance of *La Belle Hélène*. Many poets and prose writers have written on this same fashionable society, and I will here quote the opinion of those who formed one from their own experience. Goethe says:

"Gute Gesellschaft hab' ich gesehen, man nennt sie die gute, Wenn sie zum kleinsten Gedicht keine Gelegenheit giebt."

Byron observes:

"In the great world—which being interpreted, Meaneth the worst, or worst, end of a city, And about twice two thousand people, bred By no means to be very wise or witty."

Bulwer's opinion runs thus:

"The distinguishing mark of well-bred people is the composure with which they do everything: they eat with composure, drink with composure, quarrel with composure, and lose their wife with composure, while other persons make a noise at all things alike."

These quotations may, it is true, be set down as outbursts of ironical humor on the part of the above great poets; I will, therefore, cite some serious passages intended to be laudatory, from a book written by a man of fashion for the world of fashion. A Baron Mortemart-Boisse, Comte de Marle, in 1857 chamberlain of his Royal Highness, the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, published a book, *La Vie élégante des Gens du Monde* (Hachette, Paris). In it we read that Count d'Orsay, the model of fashion in his time, spent one pound nineteen a-day for gloves (I knew the Count after 1850, and then he could not well have afforded three shillings for the purpose); furthermore, the book contains an exceedingly detailed description of hunting costume, and of the correct manner of eating oysters; while, lastly, at page 248, in a eulogy of Paris, as the first city in the universe, are the remarkable words: "Schiller, with his naive and hyperbolic genius has said:

"Es giebt nur ein Kaiserstadt,
Es giebt nur ein Wien,"—

yet Paris will always, &c., &c." It is a significant fact that, when treating of fashionable life, the worthy Baron *never once* refers to music. I am almost inclined to take this as a compliment,

* As I have not a copy of Lord Lytton's works by me as I write, I do not give the above quotation as the *ipsissima verba* in the original English; it is merely a rendering of Herr Ehrlich's German version of the latter.—J. V. Bridgeman.

or as an indirect hint to the musician that he had better not endeavor to belong to the world of fashion. Even should he hazard the attempt, he must make up his mind to be disregarded by the plutocracy, for they are decidedly a component part of the fashionable world. All the young sprigs of the nobility of the gold-bag, the barons of the price-current lists, the cotton lords, who patronize music, because it is an article of luxury, and because a party is kept together by music better than by anything else—all those people who flock to wherever the nobility is assembled, all such people belong to the fashionable world. The artist must learn to distinguish; he must not confound the plutocrats who would play the Mæcenas with the rich merchant, who, after having been actively employed in business all day, seeks, in the evening, to derive from music excitement and recreation for himself and family—a man of this description belongs to the middle classes—but all those who have been pitch-forked upwards, the successful building speculators, who would now pass, like others, for political personages, the bold gamblers of the stock exchange, and even the half-learned, who, thanks to a rich marriage, have suddenly come into money, and (in the eyes of many) great artistic knowledge—such choice specimens of the immortal race of parvenus belong to the plutocracy, among whom they find a welcome and a justification. They will always find, too, men connected with art who pay them court, and towards whom they can give themselves the air of Mæcenas.

But to speak accurately it cannot be said that they merely give themselves the air of Mæcenas; they exhibit a real similarity to the celebrated friend of the Emperor Augustus, to the man whom Horace so often sang, and whose name has descended as an inheritance upon every patron of art even down to the present day. What Tacitus said about him in his *Annals* I will not quote, because the great Roman historian was a man who would have nothing to do with the fashionable world. Other and less severe judges, however, among the historians gave us a picture of him that exactly suits our present patrons of art. He possessed a profound knowledge of precious stones, and everything appertaining to dress; he was the first to introduce the ballet—and what a ballet—at Rome, but whether from love for the art of dancing or the dancers, is a point that cannot be with certainty determined. He was one of the most competent authorities on the culinary art, and, according to Pliny, himself invented a peculiarly delicate dish. At his richly furnished table, all witty fellows, all amusing individuals, were welcome, but, *above all*, Bathyllus, the dancer, and Tigellius, the singer, the latter of whom played as great a part as any virtuoso of the present day. Horace describes him as a man who, at one time, walked solemnly about, as though the prosperity of the universe were resting on his shoulders, and, at another flew along the street, as if running from his enemies; who now had his mouth crammed with the names of potentates and tetrarchs, and then affected an air of modesty, being contented with a small can of Sabine wine in simple, unpretending company—a man whom the vagabond brotherhood of boon companions valued as an amiable man: *quippe benignus erat!*—Really this Tigellius was the very ideal of a modern singer at some Royal or ducal court! After Bathyllus, the dancer, and Tigellius, the singer, Horace and Virgil were, it is true, the favorites of Mæcenas, who was fond of conversing with poets. He made the former a present of a small estate, which, according to Suetonius, was worth about a tithe of what he had thrown away on Tigellius and Bathyllus. Virgil, who had lost all his property in the war, he recommended to Augustus, and the latter gave him, also, a small estate, for the poet, in the *Bucolica*, praised him as a God: "*Deus mihi hæc otia fecit.*" Another point of resemblance between the Roman Mæcenas and the Mæcenas of our own time deserving of especial notice is: that his intercourse with poets and scholars had no influence upon his own mental culture, and that in prose, as in verse, his style was either bombastic or trivial. Of a truth, the

genuine artist can have no greater gratification than to hear certain people considered Mæcenas.

But, Heaven be thanked, art is no longer compelled to appeal to this class. It has friends and admirers who work to advance its interest all the more profitably because they do so without ostentation. Many a man, of whom the fashionable world knows nothing, pours out his offerings with an open hand upon the altar of art—and many a man who belongs to art avoids talking of what he does. Tigellii and Bathylli are as well adapted for the Mæcenas of the present day, as they were, nine hundred years ago, for the founder of the name. But the true musician is now-a-day a citizen of the world—and he certainly must expect less from individuals, if he would regard himself as belonging to all.

A Man of the Time.

(From the Orchestra, Aug. 1.)

The musical editor of the *Athenæum* has just laid down the baton and retired from the position of once a week conducting the concords and dissonances of musical opinions with the public. For nearly forty years Mr. H. F. CHORLEY—a man well known and deservedly respected—has, in the columns of the *Athenæum*, sat in the seat of judgment on the doings of the musical world, week after week recording all the great and important events, and making this popular journal an authority with artists and a trustworthy reference in all matters connected with music. This he has done to the best interests of the paper, to the satisfaction of the public, and notably with much credit to himself.

The position and duties of a musical editor to a newspaper is of new creation, and Mr. Chorley is one of the first occupants of the new bench. Forty years ago no morning paper had its musical editor, and musical reporting in any proper sense of the word was confined to the two papers—the *Atlas* and the *Spectator*. On the *Atlas* was Mr. Holmes, the well-known professor of his day, and author of the *Life of Mozart* and many creditable essays on music and musical men in the *Magazines* and *Quarterlies* of the time. On the *Spectator* was Mr. Edward Taylor, afterwards Gresham Professor of Music, as strong in expression as he was in earnest and sound opinion. Great doers create great judges of their doings, and Messrs. Holmes and Taylor were ever engaged in the consideration and welfare of high and classical music. Both lived outside the church, and had small esteem for the clergy or their services; and yet both, unconsciously, fought more for church music than aught else, and by their writings did much to draw attention to the miserable state of music in the National Church, and the means and appliances necessary for its revival. Fifty years ago the opera and the drama had their share of attention in the daily prints, and now and then Mr. Alsager in the *Times*, and Mr. Ayrton in the *Morning Post* put out some well-written and caustic essays on the performances of the Ancient Concerts and the Philharmonic Society. To the distinguished manner in which the latter gentleman so long conducted the *Harmonicon*, we need only give a passing acknowledgment.

At the advent of young Mendelssohn there was no one on the daily journals in any wise competent to weigh his merits and advance his claims to public patronage; for Mr. Holmes could see no distinct originality—nothing but memories of Weber and milk-and-water dilutions of Sebastian Bach; and though Mr. Edward Taylor at first took the young aspirant for fame under his protecting wing, the scene soon changed, and the musical Boreas of the *Spectator* sent forth blustering and inhospitable blasts calculated to nip the opening spring of "our Felix." The Grand Festival in Westminster Abbey, the establishment of the Sacred Harmonic Society, the growing importance of the Birmingham and Norwich Festivals, and the presence of her Majesty (then the Princess Victoria) at the York Musical Festival, gave an unusual impetus to the music of the highest class, and more attention was be-

stowed on musical criticism in the daily journals. The *Sun* newspaper began to issue long and elaborate notices on the efforts of the art and artists, and the *Morning Post* specially engaged a musical editor as an accredited and formal branch of its establishment.

Music had by this time made great advances in its outward mechanism, and a corresponding advance in the science of art-criticism was as quickly realized as it was imperatively called for. The popular exhibition of great art, growing out of deep knowledge and strong feeling, seemed to create increased faculties of perception in the critics, and it was both curious and interesting to watch the novel and craving desire to search into every part of the composer's work, and faithfully to record the new truth or the unfamiliar emotion. No ordinary talent was required to lay open the secret springs that guided the great artist in the progress of his work, and it is but justice to remark that the first musical editors of the metropolitan journals fulfilled their duties with an ability and a sense of equity and propriety that enlisted the sympathies of the great musicians of the day, and secured the confidence of the public.

Among the original troupe was Mr. H. F. Chorley, who in spite of his prejudices and his predilections stands forth a shrewd, broad-seeing, and thoroughly honest critic. His writings have been narrowly scanned, yet no one can point out an unworthy or base thought in any line he wrote. Considering its place and time, all fits in deftly and honestly; it was what he thought then and there as an upright and unbiassed journalist. Whatever he may have said or written on artists and art—whether too much or too little—all was truly and justly done as far as the writer's means of judging would permit. Not infrequently his judgments stood alone, for he never feared dissenting from his contemporaries; and some of these judgments he has lived to see accepted by the public and verified in every way by the course of events.

Besides his contributions to the *Athenæum*, Mr. Chorley has published his "Musical Recollections," commencing with the year 1830, and before the appearance of this work he had given to the public his views of musical life, and the state of musical art here and on the continent. There is nothing of the sensational about his writing, nor does he ever attempt to describe a scene. Ordinarily he is narrative, didactic, and reflective; enthusiasm is not his line, and he delights rather in summing up tersely, quaintly, and sometimes sarcastically. Occasionally he is somewhat too dogmatic; more rarely his manner verges on the supercilious. Mr. Chorley generally ignores the church, and his musical standpoint is therefore the opera. His writings are chiefly historical notes upon the progress of the operatic, as seen in the works of Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, Verdi, and in the concatenations of Meyerbeer, Berlioz, and Wagner. He takes credit for having at first sight discerned the merits of Gounod, and he has uniformly pressed the works of this composer upon the attention of his readers. Many would not agree with all that he has written upon Gounod; but he prophesied the success of the *Faust*, and as his prophecy was fulfilled, he has, so far, the best of the argument. When Mr. Chorley first came before the public as an operatic critic, the Italian Opera was simply a grand display of song; the singers were all in all; the band was of small importance, and the scenery a mere thing of shreds and patches. Pasta and Malibran, Rubini and Lablache, cared nothing for scenery; and two fiddles and a bass would have been quite enough for all their wants in the way of accompaniment. There was no Costa and no Arditi in those days, and Pasta would probably have treated the conductor as irreverently as old Cramer addressed the obese Doctor, Philip Hayes. Nursed in the great school so wondrously perfected by Sontag, Grisi, Viardot-Garcia, and Jenny Lind, the opinions of Mr. Chorley with regard to opera singers were those from which commonly there was no appeal; he hit the nail upon the head, and there was an end of it. Knowing also, as he did, the greatest pianists, and being him-

self no mean performer on the instrument, his judgments on pianoforte playing and composition were received with deference, and submitted to without murmur; in fact, in those branches of the musical art to which he applied himself Mr. Chorley was a most skilled and competent critic, and ever maintained a foremost position amongst his contemporaries. Speaking the truth, he was, as a matter of course, now and then the victim of unjust abuse, and the pages of one journal were for many years adorned with periodical sour and virulent paragraphs bearing witness to the straight-forward and truthful character of the articles in the *Athenæum*. If Mr. Chorley's criticism be occasionally deficient in earnestness, great allowances should be made for the state of the art, the character of the artists, and the mind of the public. In Mendelssohn he had full opportunity of becoming acquainted with the inner mind of a great musician. But Mendelssohn's comet-like appearance lighted up the heavens but for a moment; and now, the very fire and love he has left us in his music, conductors and performers are busily engaged in obscuring and destroying.

As operatic critic Mr. Chorley was constantly required to study conventionalities, and in a manner to give up the right exercise of his understanding and affections; and the mass of musical sounds which assault the ears of the journalist during a single season is certain to distress the head and also harden the heart. If this be borne in mind, little exception can be taken either to the spirit or expression of anything he has written. We congratulate Mr. Chorley upon the position he has attained and kept, and on the esteem in which he is held by every one whose good opinion is worth having. Our best wishes attend him in his retirement—a retirement from which in the interests of music we trust he may occasionally, if not frequently, emerge.

Cherubini's "Medea."

It is pleasant to record the success of such a work as the *Medea* of Cherubini. Highly as it is esteemed by good judges, it has hitherto been a myth to the large majority of musicians and amateurs in this country. Even in Germany it is but seldom given, and the announcement of *Medea* at one of the few theatres which still preserve it in their list of immediately available operas is temptation strong enough to induce any enthusiastic tourist with a leaning towards fine music to prolong his sojourn in the town which can boast of such a theatre. The chance of hearing *Medea* even tolerably played has always been considered too precious to neglect, inasmuch as it might not occur again in a lifetime. And yet, strange to add, every one lucky enough to obtain that chance, comes away from the performance firmly convinced that he has been listening to a masterpiece with few equals, and perhaps not a single superior. None have ever thought of comparing *Medea* with either of the tragic operas of Mozart—*Idomeneo* or *La Clemenza di Tito*. Its loftier merits as a dramatic composition are denied by very few who have enjoyed the rare opportunity of testing them. How, then, account for the almost universal neglect into which it has fallen?—how explain the fact that, though originally composed for the Feydeau in Paris, it is never to be heard at the Opera Comique, or indeed at any theatre in France? True, some time ago, there was a talk of its revival at the larger theatre in the Rue Lepelletier, with the spoken dialogue thrown into accompanied recitative for the occasion, by M. Salvador Cherubini, a son of the composer; but the recitative was not forthcoming, and the design fell through. In the country where Cherubini should be honored as one of the most illustrious of Florentines, as the greatest pupil of the great Sarti—a pupil who far outstripped his master—his *Medea* was never produced, though another *Medea*, not to be named in comparison, was once popular all over Italy. This is the *Medea* of John Simon Mayr, an Italianized Bavarian, who composed upwards of seventy operas now buried in oblivion—the same *Medea* to which the English public were forced to pay homage by the histrionic genius of Pasta. Cherubini never heard any of the works he composed for Paris sung to his own plaint, beautiful and harmonious language. That in England, where we have transplanted the operas of Meyerbeer, Auber, Spohr, and even Halévy to the Italian stage, and where the love for what is regarded as "classical" is so general that both our Italian lyric theatres found it expedient in the same

year (1851) to appropriate to their purposes *Fidelio* itself—the aspiring effort of the most aspiring and uncompromising of musicians—no thought should ever have been bestowed upon a dramatic composer of such repute as Cherubini, is singular. His requiems and masses for the Church have long been received and admired among us; while his operatic overtures are familiar to frequenters of orchestral concerts, wherever orchestras can be found sufficiently well-trained to execute them decently. But the operas to which these overtures are merely preludes remain unknown. And yet they have been warmly and repeatedly eulogized by authorities looked upon with excellent reason as trustworthy. While citing Beethoven, indeed, a contemporary might have adduced Beethoven's own words in the famous letter about the Second Mass—the fact of which having called forth no acknowledgment from Cherubini was inexplicable, until accounted for by the other fact of its never having reached Cherubini's hands. For though, as Mendelssohn tells us, the composer of *Medea* said of Beethoven's later music "*C'est fait d'avance*," he entertained a genuine respect for the earlier and middle productions of that magnificent genius. The rest were perhaps not exactly in his sphere. But apart from Beethoven and other distinguished Germans, there are those at home, on whose opinions sufficient reliance might have been placed, to justify long since a trial of one of the operas of Cherubini, either in Italian or English. The time is come at last, however, and the result surpasses what could, under any ordinary circumstances, have been expected. Mr. Mapleson first gave us *Medea* in 1865. In 1866 and 1867 he gave it us again; and now, in 1868, we are once more happily favored. Thanks to Mlle. Tietjens, and thanks to Signor Arditi—quite as much as to Mr. Mapleson.

Since Mr. Lumley first ventured on presenting Beethoven's *Fidelio* in an Italian dress, no such event had signalized the history of Her Majesty's Theatre as the production of Cherubini's *Medea* (in 1865) under similar circumstances. A opera better calculated to introduce with dignity this eminent master to a public hitherto only acquainted with his dramatic music by report, could hardly have been selected. The story of Jason's heartless infidelity, and *Medea's* terrible revenge, was just suited to Cherubini, in whom the gift of flowing melody was not by any means so conspicuous as that of dramatic expression, and whose genius, always soaring, could seldom gracefully lend itself to the illustration of ordinary human character, or of the common feelings and incidents of ordinary human life—which appears even in his admirable comic opera, *Les Deux Journées*. Happily the poet, F. B. Hoffmann—"Méhul's Hoffmann," chiefly remembered for his zealous advocacy of Méhul's music, a sort of literary jack-of-all-trades, who wrote verses, criticism, pamphlets, and operabooks—followed Euripides, rather than Seneca, in his portraiture of *Medea*, and thus afforded Cherubini an opportunity of putting forth a giant's strength. The *Medea* of Euripides is sublime, even amid her cruel acts of vengeance—a woman metamorphosed by fate into an inexorable Nemesis. She is not the commonplace fury portrayed by the Roman philosopher, in that dull tragedy which, with its tedious declamation, prosy rhetoric, and childish incantations, must surely have been read, from a "presentation copy," by Petronius Arbitrator, who was otherwise not the man to hold up Seneca to ridicule under the grandiloquent name of Agamemnon. The fickle Jason, chief of the Argonauts, by the side of his abandoned spouse, looks contemptible, and all his smooth-faced sophistry fails to convince the spectator that his doom is not well merited. In Creon, the Corinthian king, whose daughter is the cause of the alienation of Jason's affections from the Colchian princess, we have one of those lay figures peculiar to Greek tragedy. In Dirce, the talked-about but never present Glauca of Euripides—the Creusa of Seneca—little better than a nonentity can be recognized, her dread of *Medea* ill consorting with her ready consent to wed the father of *Medea's* children. The Athenian *Ægeus*—in Mayr's libretto, the sentimental adorer of Creon's daughter, which accounts for the sympathy he shows for her rival—is happily discarded by Cherubini's dramatic poet, who really could not have fashioned him into anything like a shape amenable to effective musical treatment. But every other character, as in Euripides, is made subordinate to the one commanding personage of *Medea*; and in adopting this view of the Athenian poet, the French librettist showed not merely a great deal of common sense, but a true instinct of poetic beauty. At any rate, he handed over to the composer a classic model capable of the loftiest treatment; and it must be confessed that Cherubini's musical embodiment rivals the antique conception. In points of less significance, wherever the libretto of Hoffmann incidentally differs from the tragedy, it is to the studied advantage of the musi-

cian; and as these for the most part are limited to visible representations of what in the original is supposed to take place behind the scene, there is no violation of strict tragic decorum. The celebration of the marriage rites between Dirce and Jason, with all the characteristic pomp and ceremony, the paraphernalia of the temple, the *canto fermo* of the priests, alternately taken up by the voices of men and women, and ever and anon mingling with the majestic harmony of the procession march—the whole witnessed behind a pedestal by the forlorn *Medea*, already breathing vows of death and desolation—may be cited as an example of what the poet has done for the composer, and of the extraordinary skill with which the composer has availed himself of the opportunity thus presented. There is not a more splendid or masterly *finale* than this in any opera that could be cited. Spontini's great scene in *La Vestale* is scarcely, in comparison, better than so much empty noise.

The whole musical setting forth of *Medea* proves that Cherubini had mentally grasped the subject before putting pen to paper. He has presented us with Euripides in music. His Jason is weak and vacillating; his Dirce is a pale abstraction; his Creon is abrupt and rugged as the Scythian king of Gluck; his *Medea* is sublime. Even Neris, *Medea's* constant and attached follower, has an air, when she will follow the fortunes of her mistress to the end—"Ah! nos peines seront communes" (we quote from the original), which endows the character with a strong and touching individuality. Gluck was Greek in his two *Iphigenies*, his *Alceste*, and his *Orpheus*; but Cherubini is still more supremely and superbly Greek in his *Medea*. Not one of Gluck's heroines stands out so rock-like as this marvellous creation, which is to high tragedy what Beethoven's *Fidelio* is to the drama of sentiment. That Beethoven could have given us a *Medea* it is hardly safe to doubt, admitting, as all are bound to admit, that he was the Shakespeare among musicians; but whether he could (or would) have cast his heroine in that severely classical mould which in Cherubini's creation exhibits the daughter of *Æetes* as something more than earthly—a veritable descendant of the sun—is questionable. Beethoven, like Shakespeare—all of whose characters, no matter what they say and do, are unmistakable sons and daughters of Eve—leaned too lovingly to human nature; but the *Medea* of Cherubini, like the *Medea* of Euripides, woman as she appears in her impassioned moments, shows a touch of the demi-goddess that places her apart from the actual sphere of humanity.

To enter into a detailed analysis of the music of *Medea* would take up far more space than can be allotted to a single article. Our present object is merely to record that success has again attended an uncommonly bold and creditable venture. That so poor a production as the Italian *Medea* of the Bavarian Mayr, composed in 1812, should have superseded so true a masterpiece as the French *Medea* of the Florentine Cherubini, composed in 1797, and have held the stage for nearly half a century, amid general applause, in almost every considerable town of Europe where Italian opera existed, is one of those problems not easy to solve, and which alone can find precedents in the history of the musical art. It affords an instance, among many, of how execrations, particularly singers, have been regarded as everything, while what they were appointed to execute has been slurred over as of small importance. Madame Pasta created and established the *Medea* with which the last half-century has been familiar and yet, illustrious as is her name, who, now that she is gone, remembers, or would care to remember, a single bar of the opera? Mme. Pasta could not, it is true, have sung the music of Cherubini, which, according to M. Fétis and others, laid the seeds of a pulmonary complaint that ultimately robbed the Theatre Feydeau of the services of the renowned Mme. Scio;* but happily there is still a singer at Her Majesty's Opera to whom *Medea* comes as readily as *Fidelio*. No performance of Mlle. Tietjens, since Mr. Lumley first introduced her to the public in 1858, has so emphatically stamped her as a great and genuine artist. Her *Medea* must take a higher rank than her *Fidelio*, inasmuch as it belongs to sublime tragedy; while the music of Cherubini, still more trying and difficult than that of Beethoven, requires greater skill to execute, and greater physical power to sustain with unabated vigor to the end. The last act of *Medea*—one of the grandest last acts of opera, ancient or modern, exhibits Mlle. Tietjens no less as a consummate tragedienne than as a consummate vocalist in the particular school to which she belongs. Each gesture has its meaning, each accent tells. But in almost every

* Who, nevertheless, was strong enough to aid in the success of an opera by the same composer brought out three years later (1807)—no other than *Les Deux Journées*—in which Mme. Scio played with extraordinary success the part of Oonance.

other respect the performance of *Medea* at Her Majesty's Opera is excellent. The Jason of Signor Montini, the Dirce of Mlle. Baumeister, the Neris of Mlle. Sinico, and, above all, the Creon of Mr. Santley, are thoroughly efficient. The orchestra and chorus are nothing less than splendid; and the utmost credit is due to Signor Arduini, not only for the efficient manner in which he has reproduced a work of almost unexampled difficulty, but for the discreet and, at the same time, musician-like manner in which he has set the spoken dialogue (an indispensable element at the Opera Comique) to accompanied recitative. Mr. Beverly, too, has supplied some appropriate scenery (very much in the same style as that of Mr. Telbin, in 1865), and the opera is altogether well put upon the stage. That *Medea* will, like *Fidelio*, take a permanent place in the repertory of Her Majesty's Opera, is, we think, certain. No unfamiliar work was ever received with more spontaneous and undisputed approval.—*London Times*, June, 1868.

Mlle. Adelina Patti's Career.

[From the "Pall Mall Gazette," July 29th.]

The season just terminated at the Royal Italian Opera, although on the whole by no means one of the most prosperous in the history of that establishment, could not have ended more brilliantly than with the varied combination of entertainments presented the other night "for the benefit of Mlle. Adelina Patti," including an act from *Romeo e Giulietta*, an act from *Faust*, and an act from *La Figlia del Reggimento*. In each of these operas—the first two of recent growth, the last about a quarter of a century old—Mlle. Patti has earned some of her fairest laurels; and for the purpose of displaying the versatility of her talent a better choice could hardly have been made. But of the Juliet, the Margaret, and the Maria of Mlle. Patti there is nothing new to say. Their conspicuous features are familiar to opera-goers in London, and their merits, vocal and dramatic, are unanimously admitted. No more need be added than that on the occasion referred to she selected from *Romeo e Giulietta* the first act, containing the lively cavatina in waltz measure, "Nella calma d'un bel sogno," and the so-styled madrigal, "Angiol regina," in which Juliet and Romeo first exchange sentiments; from *Faust* the Garden-scene, the finest and most genuine passage in that opera and probably in all Gounod; and from *La Figlia del Reggimento* the scene at which, at a music-lesson, accompanied on the pianoforte by the Marchioness of Berkenfield, the *ci-devant* Vivandiere, tired of the restraint imposed upon her, and egged on to rebellion by Sergeant Sulpizio, petulantly tears up her music, and, substituting the old song for the new, attacks with enthusiasm the characteristic "Rataplan." Each of these well-known scenes was done to absolute perfection, and in each Mlle. Patti roused the audience to an extraordinary degree of enthusiasm. The brilliant waltz of Juliet was heartily encored; the same compliment was paid to the not less brilliant "Air des Bijoux" of Margaret, and again to the "Rataplan" of Maria. Never, indeed, did the most popular stage singer of the day exhibit her manifold gifts and accomplishments to more striking advantage. Her principal associate in *Romeo e Giulietta* and *Faust* e *Margherita* was Sig. Mario, happily in his best mood; and thus the first interview between the "star-crossed lovers" in the former and the Garden-scene in the latter were represented with a grace and truthfulness impossible to surpass. To crown the whole, Mlle. Patti gave the solos in "God save the Queen" with a vigor and point which can only be explained by the fact of her being quite as conversant with the English language as with her own. The evening, in short, was one series of triumphs.

Before these words are in type Mlle. Patti will have become a French marchioness; her marriage with the Marquis de Caux, a nobleman attached to the Imperial Court of France, having been announced to take place this morning at eleven o'clock, in the Catholic Chapel of St. Mary's, Clapham Park. It is not our usual custom to pay attention to such matters; but as it is possible, though we trust improbable, that this new turn of fortune may sooner than later de-

prive the Italian lyric stage of one of its brightest ornaments, we are tempted to refer to it, and further to take the opportunity of briefly recapitulating the history of Mlle. Patti's past career in England. Few lovers of Italian opera can have forgotten the universal regret caused by the almost sudden death, at St. Petersburg, of that admirable singer, Mme. Angiolina Bosio, in April, 1859. With her it seemed that we had lost the only genuine Italian soprano on the Italian stage. Her place was ill supplied at the Royal Italian Opera by Mme. Miolan Carvalho, too essentially French to accommodate herself readily to the Italian style, and not supplied at all by Mlle. Lotti, or by any other singer upon whom, in 1859 and 1860, Mr. Gye could lay hands—admitting, as we must in fairness, the practised talent of Mme. Penco, who belonged rather to the Grisi than to the Bosio school. A year later, however, the memorable year of the second series of Mme. Grisi's "Farewell Performances," the year of the closing of Her Majesty's Theatre and of Mr. Mapleson's first adventure as a director of Italian Opera (at the Lyceum), when things looked dull and unpromising enough at Covent Garden, a new phenomenon suddenly appeared. That phenomenon was Adelina Patti, who, unheralded by any preliminary flourish of trumpets, on the 14th of May, 1861, took operatic London by storm. Nobody, in fact, except those whose special business it is to occupy themselves with musical matters, at home and abroad, had even heard of her. The opera was *La Sonnambula*, and when the Amina of the evening tripped on the stage to impart the fulness of her joy to her associates in the melodious recitative, "Care compagne," there was a general feeling of surprise. She looked like a mere child, slight in form and diminutive in stature—something from which to expect great things would be absurd. And that no one expected great things was evident from the general apathy of the house. But at the conclusion of the recitative the ice was broken. No such voice had been heard since the voice of Angiolina Bosio was silent, and no such singing. This was confirmed in "Come per me sereno;" and as the opera proceeded the audience grew warmer and warmer. The Bedroom-scene, to old opera-goers, almost revived the days of Malibran, and the "Ah non giunge," that most rapturous of finales—according to the manner, so essentially different from the manner of Mozart and Beethoven, in which certain admired Italian composers express rapture—put the seal upon a triumph as indisputable as was ever gained by a *debutante*. The day after, the papers were loud in her praises; and it was as true of Mlle. Patti as of Lord Byron that one morning she awoke and found herself famous. In the same year the new singer played Lucia with great success, though with hardly so much as followed her Amina, and for the best of reasons—she was not the consummate actress she is now; Violetta (*La Traviata*); Zerlina (*Don Giovanni*), on one of the "Grisi farewell nights," effectively eclipsing Mme. Carvalho, who had played Zerlina in the earlier part of the season; Martha; and Rosina (*Il Barbiere*), again casting her predecessor, Mme. Carvalho, into the shade. All this time her vogue was increasing. Each part earned for Mlle. Patti a step onward in public estimation, and at the end of the season, as Schumann said on the apparition of Schubert's first trio, "Die Welt glänzt wieder frisch"—for the management of the Royal Italian Opera, at all events.

That Mlle. Patti was the abiding "star" of the season 1862 may well be imagined. Nevertheless, she added only two parts to those we have enumerated—Norina (*Don Pasquale*) and Dinorah, in the opera so called; the latter a performance in all respects so remarkable that it is difficult to understand why it has never been repeated. No such impersonation of the dreamy and romantic heroine of Meyerbeer's charming pastoral as that of Mlle. Patti has been witnessed since *Dinorah* was first produced in London, under Meyerbeer's own superintendence, in 1859. In 1863 Mlle. Patti brought four new parts to her already extensive repertory—Leonora (*Il Trovatore*), Ninetta (*La Gazza Ladra*), Adina (*L'*

Elisir d'Amore), and Maria (*La Figlia del Reggimento*). The first and second of these she has apparently abandoned, although both created a marked impression; but Adina, the queen of village coquettes, has always been one of her most popular as it is one of her most original and highly finished impersonations; and few amateurs can look back without regret to those evenings on which Donizetti's most genial opera could be heard, with Patti, Mario, and Ronconi, each incomparable, in three of the leading parts, and nothing wanting but a Tamburini, as a Recruiting Sergeant, to make the performance perfect. In 1864, Mlle. Patti was again the favorite and most constant attraction, notwithstanding a new and formidable competitor in Mlle. Pauline Lucie, who on this her first probation served the manager as she has more than once served him since, and to whose unexplained disappearance the public was indebted for Mlle. Patti's Margaret—a Margaret to put all other Margarets out of court. This was the only new character attempted by Mlle. Patti in 1864. She performed it no less than eight times, six times with the flaxen head-dress to represent the traditional *chevelure* of Goethe's poetical creation, and twice, still more winningly, with the head-dress for which she is beholden to nature. In 1865, Mlle. Patti essayed, for the first time in England, the part of Linda, in Donizetti's *Linda di Chamouni*. During the previous winter all Paris had been in ecstasies with this latest assumption of their favorite's; and as, three years before, Paris had unanimously endorsed the opinion of London about the merits of Mlle. Patti, it was agreeable now to find London in its turn endorsing the opinion of Paris. Mlle. Patti tried no other fresh character in 1865. In 1866, as Caterina in *L'Etoile du Nord*, she presented us with a musical Caterina equal to that of Mme. Bosio (the original in London), and a dramatic Caterina superior to that of Mme. Bosio; while her Annetta, the cobbler's wife, in the somewhat trivial *Crispino e la Comare* of the brothers Ricci, added yet another to her long list of comic impersonations; one, too, which must always be vividly remembered, if only for the dance at the end of Act 2, executed with such engaging grace and quietude, to the accompaniment of a series of brilliant vocal passages—a *tour de force* that would have gone far to keep even a feeble production than this same opera on its legs. About Juliet, in the Italian version of M. Gounod's *Romeo et Juliette*, the one character added to Mlle. Patti's list in 1867, enough has been recently said to absolve us from the necessity of doing more than repeat that it exhibits her genius and talent in their ripe maturity, and is one of the most remarkable exhibitions of the modern lyric drama. A more ideal embodiment, indeed, of one of our great dramatist's most poetic creations could not easily be imagined.

In the season just expired not a single new character has been assigned to Mlle. Patti, although we were promised Elvira (*I Puritani*), Gilda (*Rigoletto*), and the unknown Giovanna d'Arco of Verdi; but, happily, there is always something fresh and engaging in her delineations of parts however familiar. Her career has been as honorably industrious as it has been uniformly successful. Richly endowed, she has not the less perseveringly studied to attain the perfection of detail indispensable to true art, and the defects observable when she first appeared among us have, with laborious and resolute striving, been conquered one by one. Her voice has grown richer and more flexible through constant use—a proof that its use has been legitimate; her vocalization is as fluent and correct as it is brilliant and expressive. As an actress, both in the comic and serious range of characters, she has reached that acme of perfection which makes acting seem no acting at all, but rather truth idealized. Nothing can be more natural, graceful and spontaneous than her comedy, nothing more deeply felt and touching than her tragedy. In short, she now presents to us the very *beau ideal* of a lyric artist.

Mlle. Patti was born at Madrid, April 9, 1843, and is therefore in her twenty-sixth year. Her

parents, both Italian, and both exercising the same profession as herself, left Europe when she was scarcely a year old, and her first successes were obtained in America, North and South, where she was already famous before she came to England. It has been justly said that while Europe has sent many famous dramatic singers to America, in sending us Adelina Patti the New World has amply paid off its debt to the Old. Should we lose her now, we shall lose that which the Italian lyric stage can ill spare.

Marriage of Mlle. Patti.

The much debated question whether Mlle. Adelina Patti would really marry a man after all—and a marquis to boot—or whether she would cleave to her old intention of wedding Art only, was finally settled on Wednesday by the performance of the ceremony. The wedding took place on Wednesday—that is to say the second instalment, the religious ceremony. French law requires the performance of a civil procedure, the publication of banns and registration of the contract. The banns had been published at the Mairie du Premier Arrondissement, Paris; the contract was signed on Monday at the French Consulate in the city. His Grace the Duke of Manchester and Mr. Costa were the witnesses of the contract for Adelina Patti, and the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, with M. Mure, the Secretary of the French Embassy, officiated as *temoins* for the marquis. Now, so far as regards French law this contract is binding, but not so with relation to the Church, and the religious service was therefore performed yesterday, at the Roman Catholic Chapel, Clapham Park Road. Although as much privacy had been exercised as possible, the marriage of a popular prima donna could not take place without its being known. The chapel was therefore completely filled, and an immense crowd was collected at the exterior, unable to penetrate into the edifice. The Church was ornamented in the usual style of Roman Catholic chapels, that is to say, there were plenty of flowers on the altar, and plenty of lighted candles also. Besides the seats reserved before the altar for the bride and bridegroom, the bridesmaids and groomsmen, there were seats in the body of the building kept for those friends who were invited to the ceremony. The entrance of the bridesmaids, four in number, attracted the eyes of the crowded chapel. They were dressed in white with blue wreaths around the head, blue ribands round the neck, and blue sashes. The entrance of the bride herself, accompanied by her father, Signor Patti, created the liveliest interest among the spectators. She wore a white satin dress, covered by a lace veil, which fell over her person. She wore the orange-blossoms consecrated to hymeneal celebrations, and a green wreath. She looked, it need hardly be said, extremely pretty, and though very pale, she wore a smile on her face. She at once proceeded to the prie-dieu prepared for her, and knelt before the altar. The bridegroom is not like a Frenchman in appearance. He is fair in complexion, about the middle height, well made and sufficiently good-looking. He was accompanied by the French Ambassador, Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, the Duke of Manchester, Mr. Mure, and other friends. Amongst those present were Signor Mario, Mme. Grisi, and three of her children, Signor Tagliafico, Signor Costa, Mr. Gye, Mr. Strakosch, Mr. Harris, and several others connected with the opera-houses. The bridesmaids were Mlle. Leuw, Miss Maria Harris, Mlle. Rita di Candia, and Mlle. Zany.

The marriage ceremony of the Roman Catholic Church is a very short one, not occupying more than from five to ten minutes. It is of course in the Latin tongue, like all the ceremonies of that Church. When the bridegroom endowed the bride with all his worldly goods, and placed the gold ring on her finger, they retired from the church into the vestry-room, where the registers, both civil and ecclesiastical, were signed by the bride and bridegroom and four witnesses, three of whom were the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, the Duke of Manchester, and Mr. Mure. When the parties returned into the church the marriage mass was celebrated, the bride accompanying the priest attentively, with her Prayer-book before her. The bridegroom, or rather the husband, for such he now was, did not have, perhaps he did not require, the accompaniment of a manual of prayers. The celebrant of the marriage ceremony and also of the mass was the Very Rev. F. Plunkett (son of the Earl of Fingal), assisted by the Revs. F. F. Burke and Clarey. The mass occupied much more time than the marriage. It was the ordinary low mass of the Roman Catholic Church, but being a marriage one, the nuptial blessing was given during its celebration.

After mass, the bridal party proceeded down the church, the principal persons receiving the congratulations of their friends. The Marquis de Caux kissed Mme. Grisi and her daughters, and the Marquis shook hands with his friends. The bride looked extremely interesting after the ceremony, and perhaps not less lovely than when as an artist she recently went through a similar ceremony as *Giulietta* in Gounod's opera. The newly married couple drove off amidst the plaudits of the crowd.

The wedding-breakfast was given at the residence of Mlle. Adelina Patti, Pierpoint House, Athens-road, Clapham-park. About sixty guests were invited. A large tent was pitched in the garden, and gaily decorated with the flags of Italy, France, Spain, England, and the United States, the countries in which the fame of the gifted artist had been established. "The Health of the Marquis and Marchioness de Caux" was proposed by Mr. C. L. Gruneisen, who gave a short sketch of the career of the prima donna since her debut at the Royal Italian Opera, dwelling particularly also on the virtues of the artist, which had won for her so many friends in private life. The toast was received with great enthusiasm.

The marquis and marchioness left town in the evening for Paris, on their way to Switzerland. Towards the close of the ensuing month Mme. Adelina Patti—for that will continue to be her professional name so long as she remains on the stage, which will be for two years more—will appear at Ham-burgh for twelve representations. In October she will re-appear in Paris until December, and will then go for two months to St. Petersburg, returning to the French capital to complete her engagement at the Italian Opera House up to May, when she will again visit this country for the Royal Italian Opera season.

The ages of the newly-married couple were given as twenty-five for the bride, and forty-two for the bridegroom.—*London Orchestra, Aug. 1.*

Music on the Common.

The showers of the dog-days have so disturbed the regularity of the concerts given by the city to its people this year, as to somewhat interfere with their effect. When almost every evening designated for the series has been signalized by a pouring rain, and almost every concert actually given on the Common has been that of a postponement from some previous announcement, it is natural that the public should lose the run of the entertainments, and that many who enjoy them the most should miss an occasional performance. Still no concert has been given, we believe, without the attendance of thousands of attentive men and women, from the classes who spend the whole year in the city, and to whom the summer brings no mountain rambles, no rural vacations, no wider glimpses of the beauty of nature than those which our Common and Public Garden afford. How material a benefit these concerts on the public domain at the public cost have produced, how great is their value as educators, moralizers and civilizers of the mass of humanity drawn together in the city, the poet and philosopher rather than the statistician must tell us. Certainly no observer who has mingled with the throng which fills the grassy amphitheatre about the stand on these occasions can deny that their influence is mainly for good. Everybody knows what miraculous powers are attributed to the charms of music, and what frightful things the man who has no music in himself is fit for. But there is something more in these assemblies than the strains that float from brazen mouths. People are tempted out of doors, which in itself is no slight thing in the case of those who live crowded together in homes where every breath is laden with poison. They are made to feel that they are members of a great, liberal, public-spirited community. They are stimulated to sociability. They are brought face to face with each other, and each is shown his neighbors in their happiest phase. They are taught the nobler lessons of that democracy under which we live, and which in the selfish bustle of a great city is apt to present its baser side uppermost. But all these things are inculcated unconsciously; and the one thing for which the people come out, the single common sympathy which binds them all together, is the concert provided by the municipality.

The experience of successive summers brings some lessons as to the details of these entertainments, which may be spoken of without a suspicion of grumbling over what is in general very wisely administered. The annoying and persistent rain-storms of which we have spoken give us the first hint; and it is the same already put forward in these columns as to the time of the annual militia encampment. In theory our summer extends from May to September; in fact the chary New England climate cuts it much shorter. The "pious fraud of the almanac" of which Mr. Lowell speaks extends into the first month of it, and the

"dank and snuffling days
That make us bitter at our neighbors' sins"

intrude themselves into that month which he calls the pearl of our year, before she

"from some southern ambush in the sky
With one great gush of blossom storms the world."

From the moment thus happily described we have real summer, but only until August brings our rainy season, when sojourners in the country find themselves shut into home-sick prisons, and every picnic comes to an untimely end. It is not in the dog-days, but in their predecessors of July, when the earth almost hisses with heat, and evening with its sea-breeze is the precious oasis in the dreary desert of a day in the city, and when nobody need fear a wetting, that the concerts should add to the charms of the Common. The policy which leaves these long twilights unoccupied, and postpones the beginning of the series to the verge of August, is surely capable of amendment.

The hour of the concerts might also be changed to advantage. When the concerts were inaugurated, three years ago, they began at six o'clock. People complained, and with good reason, that they followed too sharply upon the close of the working day. But eight o'clock seems as great an error in the opposite direction. The loveliness of early evening, the level rays of the sun gilding the tops of the elms, the harmony of music and twilight, are all lost. The great attraction of promenading in the paths, meeting friends and finding subjects for talk in the discovery of familiar faces, is all sacrificed. The lurking pickpocket and those who find darkness a cloak for vice are the only gainers. The music begins as the darkness falls; and after the first piece or two the concert might as well be given at midnight for all that can be seen. The interval between seven and nine o'clock is in every way better; uniting as it does the beauties of sunset, the serenity of the twilight hour, and the gradual lighting up of the stars, or the gentle coming moon, during the last half of the programme and the return home.

Another improvement is that suggested by the attendants at the concerts themselves, when they greet with hearty welcome and relinquish with reluctance any air of established and familiar popularity. It is easy to sneer at popular music, and to exalt the education of the ear to be derived from listening to classical or intricate compositions. But while the common people are the listeners to the concerts on the Common, and the class who patronize the great organ, the opera and the oratorio are away at Swampscott and Mount Washington, the preferences of the popular heart have a right to be consulted. The British army in the Crimea found in "Annie Laurie" a cheering and inspiring influence worth as much to its efficiency as a re-enforcement of half a dozen brigades; and the work of tunes which like that have a living and actual meaning to every heart is much more direct in the promotion of good manners and good morals than the frivolities of a coruscation of galops, waltzes, redows and noisy marches, such as may properly be infused for variety, but ought never to be made the exclusive stamp of an evening's programme.—*Boston Daily Advertiser, Aug. 14.*

Sacred Music.

BY HENRY C. LUNN.

In our juvenile days we remember sitting at a window in the house of a serious lady, when an organ in the street began to peal forth the most doleful succession of sounds ever put together by mortal in the most excruciating moments of his grief. Our involuntary expression of horror at the infliction was, however, immediately succeeded by abject contrition for the utterance of any opinion upon the composition; for we were angrily told that it was "sacred music;" and therefore it was not to be expected that we should derive any agreeable sensation from hearing it. Even in these early days, this frank confession of the mission of "sacred music," appeared strange to us. We had been taught to believe that religion was the solace of man during his brief sojourn upon the earth—that his moments of sadness were made happier, and even his moments of gladness tempered and subdued by the benign influence of his pure and steadfast faith. If, we reasoned with ourselves, religion be really compounded of gratitude and hope, how can this be religious music; for assuredly the only gratitude we felt was when it had ceased, and the only hope it raised was an intense one that we should never hear it again. Years have rolled on since then; but who can ever forget these early impressions; and who, indeed, can even doubt that much of the feeling we have mentioned still lingers with a large number of the middle classes? Are there not many persons who will listen with resigna-

tion to compositions containing not even the germ of religious inspiration, provided they are told that the word "sacred" is engraved upon the title-page? And if this class exist, is it not likely that it will be liberally supplied with the article it requires? Weigl, the composer, was once asked why he did not write any more operas: "Ah," he answered, with a sigh, "I am getting old; I have no more ideas; I now only write Church Music." If our readers ask for some specimens of the individuals who are satisfied with the mere outward semblance of a faith, let them search even in the advertisement columns of a daily newspaper, and they will be at once assured of their existence. We select one, which appeared a short time since.

TO DRAPERS' ASSISTANTS.—WANTED, a Young Man, of Christian principles, to dress fancy millinery and silk windows for a first-class pushing house of business. Apply to—

It would be curious to enquire how this immaculate young gentleman's Christian principles are to be shown in action. Being fully impressed with the vanity of worldly display and undue love of finery, how can he do violence to his feelings by dressing "fancy millinery and silk windows" with all the colors of the rainbow? Again, is not a "pushing" house of business rather opposed to his avowed principles of peace and good-will to all mankind? Why, this is positively advertising for a martyr.

While serious words can pass for religion, is it to be wondered at that sombre notes should pass for religious music? It may be asserted that sacred music must not be frivolous: certainly not; but that is no reason that it should be depressing. No one can say that Handel's air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," for instance, is secular; but the music, so far from expressing despondency, is as instinct with the cheerfulness of a pure and confident hope as the words to which it is allied. Composers who have true religion in their hearts, give earnest expression to their faith through the medium of music which shall move the feelings of others in sympathy with their own; but mere writers for the religious market, to be serious must be dull; and, the trick of "sacred" harmonies once learnt, any amount of religious music can be thrown off in any given time.

It has been well said by Mr. G. A. Macfarren, in one of his articles on the "Music of the English Church," that the singing of hymns to the popular tunes of the day, "has been acted upon with wanton extravagance, reckless alike of all effect and of all consequence, save that of giving a passive pleasure to the vulgar crowd, and of gaining a momentary popularity for the local practitioner of the system." Here, indeed, is an attempt to escape from the dullness of which we have been speaking; but let us take another extract from the same article before we comment upon this significant fact. "The tune of Miss Ann Catley's Hornpipe, so called because that favorite of the public was wont to dance to it, was originally sung by the same versatile performer in Kane O'Hara's dramatic piece, *The Golden Pippin*, as a song named 'The Guardian Angel'; this name gave it sufficient odor of sanctity for Madan, the popular preacher of the Lock Chapel, to include it in his collection of hymn-tunes, where it first figured under the less pious, and far less significant title of 'Helmsey.' " Mr. Macfarren afterwards speaks of the tune called "Rousseau's dream," which was a dance in a comic opera; and "Pilgrims of the Night," an unmitigated French dance tune, as two good specimens of secular airs which have been pressed into the service of the Church. Could more positive proof than this be adduced, that the confiding members of a congregation (however rigid they may be in their uneducated notions upon religious music) will listen most devoutly to secular strains, provided only that they have been properly sanctified by a sacred title.

But it is not by thus desecrating the Church that we would desire to introduce music of a less lugubrious character than we have alluded to in the early part of our remarks. We know that secular tunes are usually inseparably united in the mind with secular ideas; and compositions therefore written to sacred words should always spring from the mind of one who (like the grand old church composers) can glorify in notes the faith in which he believes.

But our object here is not so much to define what music is admissible for our Protestant Church service, as to speak of that which should be fitly introduced into the family circle. Presuming on the ignorance of the public, a large trade has lately been carried on in what may be called "Sabbath music;" and in the interest of true art, as well as true religion, it is good that this subject should be properly ventilated. We can, of course, have no objection to the works of the true writers for the Church being included in such a selection; but when we find that the majority of these are garbled portions of movements, taken at random from various composers; short pianoforte pieces, with interpolations introduced by

the bungling "arrangers;" and airs, which by some sacred title, are made to look religious; with rapid and tedious variations, (so that vanity and devotion may be simultaneously appealed to) we think it high time that a warning voice should be raised against a system so pernicious in its effects. The best specimens of real sacred music lie around us all, and are to be purchased at a price within the reach of every one. Why, then, have recourse to bundles of heterogeneous materials labelled "Sunday Firesides," or "Holy Recreations?" Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and many others, have supplied us with works which require no editorial dressing up to fit them for the "firesides" of all who feel that religious words can only be united to religious music by those chosen few, who are impressed with the sacredness of their trust.

But it would be good, if possible, to widen our collection of such music by the occasional introduction of compositions, which, if not named "sacred" by the composer, are no less capable of producing the truest feelings of devotion. We agree with Mr. Macfarren (as we have already said) in his assertion, that the words to which music has been originally set, will intrude themselves upon the mind whenever the notes are heard; but we particularly wish to enforce the fact that instrumental compositions have no such character originally stamped upon them. It is true that certain "social surroundings" may have clung to many of them; but, abstractedly, the character of a composition is determined by the feeling it expresses. Some of the slow movements of Beethoven's Sonatas, many of Bach's works, and several of Mendelssohn's "Lieder ohne Worte," for instance, are truly religious; in proof of which Gounod has written an "Ave Maria" to Bach's first prelude, in C. The admission of such works as these will tend materially to elevate the tone of Sunday evening music. Our opening remarks as to the absurdity of supposing that anything sacred must be absolutely dull, will, we are sure, be endorsed by all who have true religion in their hearts; and to such only we appeal. The subject has the deepest interest; and, to those who can calmly reflect upon it, the truth must be obvious, that as a man is not necessarily religious because he is serious—so music is not necessarily religious because it is doleful.—*Novello's Musical Times*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 29, 1868.

Annual Congress of Musicians "of the Future."

In this hot and lazy period of "suspended animation" in our own musical world, and while the mountains and the seashore are more attractive than the best of music, the journalist naturally looks abroad. Even the London summer season is now over. Nor is there much of interest in Paris, beyond the dry details of the annual examinations and *concours* of the Conservatoire. In Germany, however, the summer solstice seems to warm the "Zukunft" element into life; it finds its chiefest opportunities in the dogdays, and holds then high festival. Wagner and Liszt and Bülow seem to have it all their own way of late. The Leipzig *Neue Zeitschrift*, founded originally by Robert Schumann, and once the vehicle of so much fine, fresh insight and sound criticism in music, seems now almost entirely preoccupied with Wagner worship. The two great Festa of the new church of late have been the performance, at Munich, of the "*Meistersinger von Nürnberg*," (of which we have copied some accounts), and more recently the five-days Congress or Convention of the principal apostles and disciples at Altenburg, in Saxony. Probably, for one who wished to form some clear idea of the spirit and tendency of the new school, and what amount and quality of musical creative faculty or genius there might be among its more active members, it would have been well worth the

while to be present during those five days. But as we were not there, we propose to translate a good portion of the daily report of proceedings, made in the interest of the movement and by its friends,—of course without endorsing its opinions. Should we find dissenting criticisms, also, which give internal evidence of weight and of sincerity, we may draw from them afterwards. Meanwhile we begin with the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, of July 24.

THE TONKUNSTLER-VERSAMMLUNG IN ALTENBURG, FROM THE 19TH TO THE 23D OF JULY, 1868.

The Congress was opened on Sunday, July 19, at 11 o'clock, A. M., by a musical performance in the *Brüderkirche*. Bach's Motet: "*Jesu meine Freude*," was performed under the direction of Musik-director Riedel, of Leipzig; the choruses by Riedel's *Verein*; the soli sung by the ladies Anna Drechsel, Clara Martini and Marie Gutschubauch from Leipzig, the Court-opera singer Schild of Dresden, and Herren Albert Goldberg of Brunswick and George Henschel of Breslau. The pithy work of the old master, with its unshakable joy of faith, clad in panoply of iron rhythms, defying all opposition and all obstacles, was rendered in the exemplary manner well known to us Leipzigers; the usual excellences: clearness and certainty of technical execution in detail, expressive shading, fine plastic phrasing, and live common apprehension and feeling of all co-operating, here too failed not to surprise the listeners.

The oral opening of the meeting followed about noon, in the Aula of the Gymnasium, through the president of the Union, Dr. Fr. Brendel, who pronounced the customary words of greeting. Then Councillor Oswald Marbach expatiated with admirable oratory, enchainning the audience by a strain of uninterrupted inspiration, on "The regeneration of dramatic poetry through music." The speaker made the only possibility of raising the Drama out of its present decline to depend upon going back to the Greek drama with its harmonious coöperation of poetry, music and dancing; to this the historical course of the separate development of these arts points already as an inevitable necessity; while all the advantages which have been won through the development of these arts singly will be so much help towards the restoration of the drama in the complete sense. This stirring address was met with unanimous applause.

On the evening of the same day, under Riedel's direction again, and in the *Brüderkirche*, occurred the first concert for soli, chorus and orchestra. The works performed were the *Requiem* by Berlioz, and Liszt's *Thirteenth Psalm*; the choruses again by Riedel's Society, the tenor solos by Herr Schild, and No. 5 in Berlioz's work by several solo singers, male and female, selected from the meeting.

The *Requiem* by Berlioz had never been performed in full but once, namely in Paris. That heretofore there has been no pressing call for an acquaintance with the work in Germany may be owing, partly to the extraordinary demands it makes in point of execution, partly to the peculiar difficulty which Germans have in understanding this composer. Only Riedel's *Verein*, some years ago, in Leipzig, in one of its regular sacred concerts, brought out its first movement. The first of these obstacles was not to be got over in the present performance without some re-arrangements. Berlioz prescribes an extraordinary strength of orchestra; for instance, in the *Dies ira*, 16 kettledrums, 4 tamtams, 10 pair of cymbals, 12 horns, 4 cornets, 16 trombones, 2 tubas, 4 ophicleids, 16 trumpets, &c. The instruments are to be divided into five orchestras: one principal, and four accessory. Could the forces have been got together, the room would have been wanting, and a far larger

hall would have been required for the acoustic effect. . . .

The impression of the whole work was a powerful one; in parts, as in *Dies ire*, *Rex tremende majestatis*, and the *Sanctus*, it was startling, piercing through marrow and bone (*durch Mark und Bein*—We should think so!) About certain particulars, to be sure, unusual conceptions of the text, audacities of style, unheard of means of expression, opinions may have been divided; many a hearer may have had his silent reservations or have uttered them aloud; the very originality of the music may have struck one strangely in the beginning; yet by the genial directness and consistency of style, with which it artistically and objectively embodies so peculiar a conception of the world, and presents it as an unbroken plastic whole, it carries with it a certain satisfying conviction for all unprejudiced hearers, whose hearts and minds are open to the eternal import of all Art in spite of unaccustomed forms. The chief obstacle to the understanding of Berlioz lies, as Brendel has said, in the mixture of French and German elements by which his artistic character is marked. Berlioz is the first Frenchman who has taken up into himself elements of German life and feeling, and thus shown, a depth of artistic conception never before heard of among his countrymen; only this deep feeling appears more as the pervading fluid of a *picturesque-poetic* creative activity; it does not stand forth so independently, so purely centred in itself, in such specific ethnic form, as in the German Art, but in the form of the French "*esprit*" in the noblest, deepest sense of the word. His way of creating is incessantly *objective*; his musical fancy draws its vital fire from a poetic picture-world conceived with glowing energy and carried out into the least details. All is steeped in poesy; hence the grandeur of the poetic conception, the transporting, irresistible momentum of his creations, the power of characterization, as well as the warm and glaring realism, &c. These traits pervade all of B's creations; but in the *Requiem* there is especially a loftiness of conception, a plasticity bordering upon an iron precision of form, an originality, a wealth and variety of musical invention, a shaping energy and sure mastery of the entire technical material, which must compel the unconditional respect even of his strongest adversary. Moreover each division of the whole transports you into a certain peculiar atmosphere; it has, as somebody expressed it, its characteristic local color, sharply distinguishing it from the other parts. * * *

Berlioz, to all appearance, expressly, consciously develops the textual contents of each single sentence in a dramatical progression, or has at least, according to the suggestion of the text, a definite scenery in mind, so that one feels tempted to regard the movements in a certain sense as acts. Thus the *Dies ire* is so laid out, that one chorus part begins in a rather moderate movement, the others gradually associate themselves to it in ever quicker rhythm, restlessly and anxiously hurrying and crowding, while single instrumental phrases, now *cæ-sur*, now like obstinate motives recurring, resound in the midst of all like signs and warnings of the last judgment near at hand, until with its majestic terrors it breaks in itself. The entrance of the strongly set brass corps, as well as of the combined male voices, answered in a repeat by the female voices in canon, has an indescribably overpowering and startling effect. One can imagine from it what a crushing effect the piece would have if executed in its original form, observing the directions given by the author in regard to the grouping of the executive body!

To give those unacquainted with the work an idea of the iron consistency and plastic form above referred to, we may call attention to the *Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?* in which, to the song of the tenor solo the instrumental bass delivers the main theme of the *Dies ire* interrupted by pauses, while an oboe sup-

ports the vocal melody with expressive declamatory accents, so that all speaks the most eloquent and searching language.—On hearing the *Lacrymosa* with its broad and edifying style, never fatiguing the interest, its weighty phrasing and its mighty climax to the end, many a person, who knows Berlioz by hearsay only as a vague poetizer and a composer speculating upon instrumental effects, will have found himself agreeably disappointed.—Very peculiar in design is the *Offertorium* (which B. himself entitles "Chorus of souls in purgatory"). The purely musical principal rôle is here assigned to the body of instruments, which unfold a rich contrapuntal life, while the coöperation of the chorus limits itself to two notes forming a little motive and returning periodically. In a word, every movement surprises you anew by the originality of the conception and the significance of the musical treatment. But what a brilliant coloring is spread over the *Sanctus*! * * *

The writer goes on to lament the exclusion of such "epoch-making" works as this of Berlioz from the programmes of "law-giving" Art institutions, and thinks it enough to make any one become a pessimist and fault-finder generally. But here we must take leave of him, reserving for the next time what he has to say about the Psalm by Liszt.

MR. L. H. SOUTHARD, the well known composer and teacher, and one of the most intelligent and thorough of American musicians, is about to take leave of Boston, where he has won a high and finally a lucrative position in his profession, to reside henceforth in Baltimore. He has accepted an invitation to preside there over the formation and growth of an Academy of Music in connection with the Peabody Institute. So important and promising a field of labor was not to be declined, in spite of Mr. Southard's love for Boston, and the keen sense which will be felt here of his loss.

The new position is one which he is to build up in a great measure for himself; but he will have the Peabody fund behind him, and he enters upon the work with the best assurances and sympathies of all the friends of music and of generous culture in Baltimore. The plan is a large one; it is not merely to build up a musical school, or what is here called a Conservatory, but it is to educate the public taste, to establish concerts of a classical and high order, to make the masterworks and models of musical art familiar. Mr. Southard personally will be chiefly occupied with this latter and higher function; by the arrangement of orchestral concerts, oratorio performances, &c., and by lectures, critical, historical, æsthetic, as well as by initiating plans of organization and by general oversight, he will seek to give the tone to the institution, and mould the material he finds to work with to a high end. Thus, in the matter of instrumental concerts, he already finds four or five small orchestras, whose members are willing to be united under his direction, so as to make up an orchestra not far from the size of that of our Symphony Concerts, with which to educate the ear and sense of musical form, first by the model Symphonies of Haydn and Mozart, then, gradually, the grander inspirations of Beethoven, Schubert, and the rest. We shall not despair of the *loyalty* of Baltimore, if it become a musical city in a high sense of the word. Mr. Southard, by large general culture and by intellectual tone of character, as well as musical accomplishments, goes well fitted to the task; he is a man in earnest and his aim is high, and all must bid him God speed in a mission, which it is so creditable to Baltimoreans to have offered to him.

MILTON G. POPE. The newspapers have published the sad intelligence of the death, by drowning, on the 22nd inst., of this young man, who was one of the most valued among the clerks in the music store of our publishers, Messrs. Ditson & Co. The sad event occurred in Campton, N. H., on the Pemigewasset river, where he was spending his short summer vacation. Young Pope was the son of Rev. Rufus Pope of Hyannis, Mass. His age was twenty-three. He enjoyed the confidence and high esteem of his employers and associates.

NEWPORT, R.I. Among the pleasant solicitations of this lovely place, during a fortnight's stay, we found some of a musical character. Miss ALIDE TOPP, the wonderful pianist, is spending a few weeks there, and besides receiving a great deal of attention in the fashionable world, has twice played in public. First, she generously lent her aid to a very successful concert of two lady amateurs, residents of Newport, and created the greatest enthusiasm by her playing of a piece by Raff—"Balfé" it was printed on the programme! Some classical pieces for two pianos were finely played, we understand, by the fair concert-givers. But for that occasion we were too late. On Monday evening, the 17th, Miss Topp gave her own concert, in the Academy of Music, assisted by the violinist, from New York, Mr. Wenzel Kopta, whose unclear yet pretentious playing of the hacknied sort of show pieces ("Carnival," &c.), might as well have been dispensed with. Miss Topp's own playing was superb, and of her very best, although the caprice and uncertainty of "Fashion" gave mortifying proof of itself by small attendance. The enthusiasm and applause, however, of the few hundreds who were present, was of the sort that inspires sure hopes for another trial. And we hear that influential ladies have already taken the thing in hand and made the success of a second concert sure beyond peradventure.

We also heard an opera in Newport. "Shanahan's Opera House" is the classical name of the new temple of Thespis! We heard, and saw, a worse performance of *Der Freyschütz* than we had ever supposed possible; it was so bad as to be almost amusing,—quite so in the Incantation scene. There was Frederici, to be sure, as charming as ever in the part of Agathe; and Himmer was not bad as Max. But the Aennchen was a screeching chorus singer; the chorus of bridesmaids were a forlorn set of women, who sang solemnly and seemed to feel their misery; the hunters' chorus was mostly sung by Max and Otto-car (Steinecke), aided by horns, the rest of the men being green dummies; the orchestra, of about a dozen instruments, was loud in the inverse ratio of number; and think of jolly, fat Herr Müller as the Caspar! *Martha*, the next night, we are told went better.

ORCHESTRAL MUSIC IN BOSTON.—The list we copied, in our last, of novelties performed in the New York orchestral concerts during the past four years has led us to look into the state of the case in Boston. Here the list for three years is quite as large and quite as interesting, and contains the better part of the New York list. In the Symphony Concerts of the Harvard Musical Association, the following works have been heard here for the first time:

SEASON OF 1865-6.

Schumann's "Abendlied," arranged by Joachim.
Overture to "Anacreon," Cherubini.
Polonaise in E, for piano, Weber, transcribed with Orchestra, Liszt.
Overture to "Genoveva," Schumann.
Piano Concerto, in G, op. 58, Beethoven.
Symphony, in C, No. 2, Schumann.
Chorus of Dervishes, from "Ruins of Athens," Beethoven.
Overture to "Fierabras," Schubert.
Serenade and Allegro Gioioso, B minor, op. 43, for piano with orchestra, Mendelssohn.
Toccata in F, arr. by Esser, Bach.

1866-7.

Piano Concerto, in A minor, Schumann.
Piano Concerto, F minor, op. 14, Henselt.
Piano Concerto, F-sharp minor, N. Burgmüller.
Symphony in D minor, No. 4, Schumann.
Overture to "Les Abencérages," Cherubini.
Piano Concerto, No. 2, B flat, Beethoven.
Symphony ("the French") in D, Mozart.
Aria (Contralto): "Erbarne dich," with violin obbligato, from the *Passions-musik*, Bach.
Rondo, op. 29, piano and orch., Mendelssohn.
Concert Aria: "Non temer," with violin obbligato, Mozart.

1867-8.

Overture, "Weihe des Hauses," in C, op. 124, Beethoven.
Overture, "In the Highlands," Gade.
Overture to "Medea," Cherubini.
Alto Aria, "Wohl euch," from a Cantata, Bach.
Concerto for two Pianos, Mozart.
Symphony, in G, Haydn.
Overture, "Ossian," Gade.
Piano Concerto, No. 1, in C, Beethoven.
Symphony in D, No. 1, Mozart.
Triple Concerto, in C, op. 56, Beethoven.

In the Orchestral Union Concerts we have had during the same time :

- Concert Overture, in A, Julius Rietz.
- Overture to "Medea," Bargiel.
- Overture to "Das Heimkehr," Mendelssohn.
- Symphony in B flat, No. 4, Gade.
- Overture to "Les Francs Juges," Berlioz.
- Concerto, for clarinet, J. Rietz.
- Overture to "Dionysius," Norbert Burgmüller.
- Suite, in E minor, F. Lachner.
- Unfinished Symphony in B minor, Schubert.

To these add the two following works first brought to notice here in the great Festival of last May :

- Reformation Symphony (posth.), Mendelssohn.
- Piano Concerto, in E flat, Liszt.

A MONSTER ORCHESTRA.—In the late Tonkünstler-Versammlung (Meeting of Musical Artists—mostly of "the Future") at Altenburg, a *Requiem* by Berlioz was performed, in the orchestration of which no powerful instrument except the steam "Callopie" appears to have been omitted. In the *Dies cræ* the band included 16 kettledrums, 4 tamtams or gongs, 10 pairs of cymbals, 12 horns, 4 cornets, 16 trombones, 2 tubas, 4 ophicleids, 16 trumpets, &c. (!)

GOTTSCHALK IN BUENOS AYRES.—Here is a charming specimen of the *hifalutin* rhapsody which follows everywhere in the wake of this sensational pianist. A London paper translates it from the French *Art Musical*, which reproduces it from the *Nacional* of Buenos Ayres.

"April 4th.

"A rumor was being circulated since early morning that Gottschalk was to arrive, and the railway station was literally obstructed by a crowd anxious to see this great artist.

"It was a lovely night, the perfumed breeze of the distant 'pampas' softly moving the foliage, and the moon was shining pale and still on the white roofs of the villas partly hidden amongst acacias, rose trees and 'enredaderas.'

"A little later, the passers by, attracted by the mysterious accents of a heavenly harmony, were assembled in front of a small house, a real 'nid de moussu,' in the midst of scented bushes.

"In this enchanted house hospitality was given to the celebrated American—Gottschalk was at the piano. Through a partly opened window we could see the great pianist. Pale from inspiration [perspiration?], his eyes fixed upon the landscape of the pampa, which unfolded itself in all the splendor of a South American night, the poet artist allowed the harmonies to flow in torrents, unfolding all the treasures of his soul, and, like the muse of music, gave out strains of melody from celestial spheres. [!!!]

"Upon approaching nearer, the picture upon which we gazed was well worthy of the landscape which surrounded it. Twenty young ladies were grouped around the great pianist, who was then playing his last composition, 'Le dernier amour.' Their expectant and enthusiastic looks, riveted on the piano, seemed to try to pierce through the material envelope to get at the soul which it contained. This scene had a singular character of poetical grandeur.

"The dark and thick trees, the flowers, the lovely sky, the torrents of light which came out of the drawing-room and rendered still darker the shades of the park : all this scenery of nature seized the imagination and prepared it marvellously for intention of the beauties which the great artist revealed to his spell-bound audience. Yes, it was Gottschalk, the poet-magician—the genius who conquers the masses by his talent, and whose liberality soothes so many misfortunes by giving, wherever he passes, the best part of his triumphs to orphan asylums and other charitable institutions. The association of the Orphan Asylum of Buenos Ayres proposes to offer him a large gold medal."

ROSSINI ANENT WAGNER.—All sorts of *bon mots* are ascribed to the veteran author of "The Barber" and of "William Tell." Many of them are probably but silly inventions of newspaper paragraphists. But we have not seen the gist of the real criticism upon the "Music of the Future" more pertinently and pitifully expressed than in the last sentences of the following letter to the director of the Milan Conservatory, which the old Maestro ("whose operas,"

it is well said, "are more likely to be the music of the future than *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, *Tristan*, the *Meistersinger* and the *Niebelungen*") has lately published in the *Revista* of Milan :

"Illustrious Master Rossi,—Nothing could be more agreeable to me than to receive your letter containing the interesting statistical table in reference to the pupils of the Conservatory of Music, which you have directed for many years with so much solicitude and intelligence, with truly exemplary devotion. I was not ignorant of the brilliant results which you had obtained during the last twenty years, and I have much pleasure in offering you, dear master, to you and to the excellent professors who have so admirably seconded you, the tribute of sympathy and the sincere eulogiums which are due to you, and which spring from the bottom of my heart.

"The child of a public musical establishment (the Communal Lyceum of Bologna), as I am proud to declare myself, I have always been the friend and defender of Conservatories, which must be looked upon not as nurseries for genius, God alone having power to bestow that privilege, but as fields for emulation, as great artistic vivariums destined to supply concert rooms, theatres, orchestras, and colleges. On the other hand, I have read with regret in some respectable journals that it is the intention of the Minister Broglio to abolish our Conservatories of Music! I cannot understand how any such intention could be discovered in the unfortunate letter which the Minister addressed to me. I can swear to you, dear master, on my honor that in the said correspondence between the Minister and myself there was not the least allusion to this proposition. Could I have kept a secret of so much importance? Be tranquil. I promise you that if ever the project in question assume a serious character I should, in my little sphere, be the warmest advocate of the Conservatories, in which, I hope, the elements will never be introduced of those new philosophical principles which would make of the musical art a literary art, an imitative art, a philosophical melopoeia equivalent to recitative, free or measured, bearing accompaniments spiced with tremolo and other devices. Be convinced, Italians, that the musical art is entirely an ideal art, an art of expression, and do not forget that to please is at once the basis and the object of this art. *Simple melody, clear rhythm.*

"Be sure, dear master, that these new philosophes are simply the advocates and defenders of those poor musical composers who have no ideas, no fancy. *Laus Deo!* Pardon me the *ennui* I am causing you, and count always on the sympathy of your admirer and servant. G. ROSSINI.

SAN FRANCISCO.—The Parepa-Rosa Italian Opera season commenced on Monday, August 3d, at the Metropolitan Theatre. *Il Trovatore* was performed. The company consists of Parepa-Rosa, Louisa da Ponta, Natalie Testa, Massamiliani, L. Testa, Brookhouse Bowler, Mancusi, Ferranti, M. Sarti and G. Sforzani. The directors are Mr. G. T. Evans and Carl Rosa. Mr. G. T. Evans is, we believe, from New York, the son of a well-known member of the bar, now deceased.

HAYDN'S SYMPHONIES.—Apropos of the desideratum mentioned in our last, we find the following statement :

As stated in a letter from Mr. George Grove, secretary of the Crystal Palace, we may hope for some classification of Haydn's symphonies in a forthcoming work on the subject, by Herr Pohl, of Vienna, the author of *Haydn and Mozart in London*. It is time that such a task was undertaken, since the orchestral works referred to (with the exception of the "twelve grand" symphonies, composed for Saloman's concerts), are subject to all sorts of confused and arbitrary distinctions. Many of them are, in this country, distinguished by letters of the alphabet; but as more than half of the 120 symphonies composed by Haydn are extant, this is obviously insufficient. The Paris publishers, again, class them numerically, prefixing an *opus* of their own for convenience. Others are called by nicknames—as *Roxelana*, *La Reine de France*, *Maria Theresa*, *Schoolmaster*, *Military Symphony*, *La Clochette*, *The Surprise*, &c., of which few people know the origin or meaning.

The operative critic of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, speaking of a performance of *Don Giovanni*, says :—Mlle. Nilsson, however, has spoilt us for all other Elviras. The ordinary Elvira, always complaining, always scolding, always going about in black, as though she longed for her husband's death, is Don Giovanni's justification. Elvira, according to Mlle. Nilsson—gentle, tender, affectionate, under all circumstances—is his condemnation beyond the power of appeal."

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Be thou ever faithful. 2. F to e. Millard. 35
A good, faithful song with excellent sentiment.
- I rang the bell softly. 2. Bb to f. J. W. Turner. 30
Gentle and pathetic, with pleasing chorus. Answer to "Ring the bell softly."
- A little bird told me. 3. F to f. J. P. Knight. 40
A sweet ballad, with a character of archness.
- Happier days in store. 2. D to f. Barrett. 30
A good and consoling idea appears in this song, which is quite melodious and taking.
- Beginning the world. 3. Ab to e. T. Baker. 40
On a subject from "Bleak House," and is quite pathetic in character.
- Ring out, sweet Angelus! 3. D to d. Gounod. 40
A very sweet Angelus indeed, and if you sing it, you will be tempted to ring the peal, again and again.
- Upon the Danube river. 2. G to d. H. Aide. 30
A pleasing ballad, with fine melody, sung by Adelaide Phillips. Brings to mind the banks of the Danube, as they appeared in June, and notices the merry dances of the peasants.
- Saviour, when in dust to thee. 3. C to f. N. Fitz. 40
A quartet with solo, and is quite solemn and beautiful.
- Beyond the smiling and the weeping. 2. F to f. N. Fitz. 40
Duet and Chorus. Arranged as a duet and chorus, and is a fine musical interpretation of a beautiful poem.
- On the Rhine. (La couleur est blonde). Drinking song in "Galatea." 5. A to b. Victor Masse. 35
Sung by Adelaide Phillips. French and English words, and is an effective song. By leaving off some of the ornamental runs or cadences, it becomes much easier, and the highest letter is then sharp.
- Leave me to languish. (Lascia ch'io Pianga). 3. Eb to f. Haendel. 30
From "Rinaldo." Sung by Adelaide Phillips, and has a good pleasing, classical melody.
- Grant Song. 2. C to g. W. H. S. 30
A campaign song, written by the poet, Eugene Bachelard, and bears very hard on A. J., while Grant is suitably lauded, spirited throughout.

Instrumental.

- Edwina Waltz. 3. D. Piedad Garcia de Tejada. 30
A waltz of uncommon elegance of construction, and can hardly fail to please.
- Espiegleries. Caprice. Op. 40. 4. Db. Egghard. 40
A brilliant piece, with a very sprightly melody.
- Grand Military March. 3. Ab. P. Brignoli. 75
Dedicated to Gen. Chickering. Brilliant and powerful.
- The Sunshine Waltzes. 3. Ab. B. S. Barrett. 40
Very sweet; perhaps of a milder beauty than that which would be called sunshine, but still with sufficient spirit.
- Sans Souci Galop. 2. F. Ascher arr. by Knight. 30
- Peri Waltz. 2. In four easy keys. D'Albert, arr. by Knight. 30
These belong to the "Easy arrangements of dance music," by Knight, and have been so carefully composed, as to lose little or nothing by being made easier. Good for pupils.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c., A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

